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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

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(Continued.)

XV. RODERICK MACLEOD, commonly called "Rory the Witty," was a minor at the death of his father. His uncle, Sir Roderick Macleod of Tallisker, his tutor, took charge of the Clan, and supported Charles the Second against Cromwell. When Charles arrived in Scotland in 1650, he issued a proclamation requesting all his Scottish subjects to gather to his Standard, when Sir Roderick Macleod raised a regiment of 700 men, nearly all composed of Macleods, his nephew's Clansmen. The Lieutenant-Colonelcy of this fine body he gave to his brother, Norman Macleod of Bernera, a brave and distinguished soldier. Having joined, and remained for some time with, the Royal Army, Colonel Norman Macleod was ordered to raise an additional three hundred men to complete his regiment and bring it up to a thousand, which he did in a very short time, but he had great difficulty in supplying them with arms. He applied to John Buncle, then Commissary, to supply these, but he declined to advance them unless Roderick Macleod of Tallisker gave his bond for them. This the Tutor agreed to do, and the arms were obtained; but afterwards, during the usurpation, this cost him no end of trouble, for the bond was assigned

to a William MacCulloch, who pressed it against Sir Roderick, by legal diligence. He was, however, finally relieved of the claim by an Act of Parliament passed in 1661. This fine regiment of Macleods, with the two gallant brothers at its head, accompanied the army of King Charles II., in 1651, to the Battle of Worcester, where most of them fell; and those who did not were taken prisoners, and transported to the plantations in South Carolina, so that scarcely one of them ever returned home. The Clan was almost ruined; its whole manhood having been thus almost cut off by one terrible stroke. So great was the slaughter among them, that it was agreed to by the other Clans in the North that the Macleods should not take part in any other conflict until they had time to multiply and recover their losses on this fatal field. Tallisker managed to escape capture, and, in disguise, to find his way back to the Highlands; but his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Norman, was taken prisoner, kept in confinement for eighteen months, at the end of which he was then tried for his life. Through a flaw in the indictment, procedure was sisted; he was sent back to prison, and finally escaped, after which he succeeded in making his way to the Isle of Skye, where he continued in his loyalty to the King, by whom, after the Restoration, he and his brother, Roderick of Tallisker, were knighted.

At a general meeting of the Chiefs who still continued loyal to King Charles, held at Glenelg on the 21st of April, 1653, it was agreed to raise a body of two thousand Highlanders for His Majesty's service; and, at the same time, it was resolved to send a messenger, with proper credentials, signed by the principal heads of Clans who attended this Council, to King Charles at Paris, the King of Denmark, the Princess Royal, and the States of Holland; and to advise them fully as to the condition, resolution, and desires, of the Highland Chiefs there assembled. To carry out this important and somewhat dangerous embassy, Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Macleod, who had so recently escaped from an English prison, was fixed upon, and he cheerfully undertook the duty. He succeeded in his journey, delivered his message into the King's own hands, and was received as graciously as the importance of his message, and the faithful and successful manner in which it was carried out, so fully deserved. He brought back

a message from the King to his faithful Highlanders, addressed to Roderick Macleod of Tallisker, full of the most kindly expressions and grateful acknowledgements, dated at Chantilly, the 31st of October, 1653. In this letter, he expressed the strongest resolution of rewarding Tallisker for his services, and his cheerfulness in concurring in and conducting that good work upon which the King's interest and "the honour and liberty of the country, and the preservation of the whole nobility and gentry, so much depended." Sir Norman performed several other important services to King Charles during the remainder of his life, before and after the Restoration, but these, and the manner in which they were rewarded by His Majesty will be more suitably detailed under "The Macleods of Bernera," the family founded by this brave and distinguished soldier.

After the defeat of General Middleton's army by General Morgan, at Lochgarry, it was decided at a Council of War that no more could be done for the Royal cause, under existing conditions. General Middleton, accompanied by Dalziel, Drummond, and several other officers, retired to Dunvegan, under the protection of the Macleods, while others took up their quarters in Lochaber, under the roof of the famous Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. During the winter, Sir Ewen accompanied his guests to Dunvegan Castle, where several other Highland Chiefs attended to meet him. A Council was held, and, after much and serious deliberation, it was decided that they should all submit, before they were altogether ruined, and make the best terms they could with Cromwell's lieutenants; for Charles was now quite unable to support them with any money, men, or arms. It had previously been intimated, through secret sources, to the Highland Chiefs, that, if they laid down their arms, they would be restored to their fortunes and estates; and, with this knowledge, they acted the wiser part by agreeing to submit. The Royalist commanders were well received and hospitably entertained at Dunvegan Castle. The Tutor's loyalty, activity, and sufferings in the Royal cause were well known to them, and, before leaving, they thought it right to acknowledge his conduct and the fidelity of his family and Clan, by recording such services, and recommending him to the King in the following terms:—

"Seeing it is incumbent on us to do whatsoever may tend to the honour, safety, and advantage of those whose signally loyal and faithful adherence to His Majesty's service, have deserved, we do hereby testify and declare, that this noble gentleman Colonel Roderick Macleod, hath not only given singular proof of his fidelity, prudence, conduct, valour, and industry in His Majesty's service, and suffered much for it in former times, as is no less known to His Majesty than to us; but having been at expence, charges, and pains, and chiefly instrumental and active in the enlivening and promoting this late undertaking, hath in the progress of it behaved himself with such clear honour, integrity, discretion, constancy, and gallant resolution on all occasions, as became a person of eminent worth, dignity, and virtue, having not only transcended others in the common duty of a loyal subject and a good commander, but also performed many particular and important offices, in order to the continuance of His Majesty's service, and advantage of his affairs, which are hardly to be paralleled; and whatever may have been the miscarriages of any person or persons to the prejudice of His Majesty's service, and those that are concerned in it, we do, upon our certain knowledge likewise declare, that the said Colonel Roderick Macleod is not only absolutely freed from any accession to it, and untainted with it, but also hath been principally instrumental in frustrating all designs and attempts undertaken to our prejudice, and author of our preservation; by all which he hath not only deserved that his deportment should by us be duly represented to His Majesty, but that they should be suitably rewarded, and his honour and merit made manifest to the world; and we do hereby likewise not only allow and authorize, but do most earnestly desire him to apply himself to such courses as may be most expedient for his safety and preservation, by private address, capitulation, or otherwise. In testimony whereof we have signed and sealed these presents at Dunvegan, the last day of March, 1655. (Signed), John Middleton; Dalyell; W. Drummond."

After this, Sir Roderick of Tallisker lived quietly at home in the Isle of Skye, until after the Restoration of Charles II., when he proceeded to pay his respects to His Majesty in London. He was most graciously received, as his services so justly merited, and the King conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. We shall have more to say regarding him and his descendants under "The Macleods of Tallisker," of whom he was the progenitor and founder.

Roderick Macleod of Macleod, to whom we now return, now

became of age, and succeeded in getting the sequestration of his estate removed, and getting himself admitted under the protection of Oliver Cromwell, through the influence of General Monk, upon his finding security for his future peaceable behaviour to the amount of £6000 sterling, and paying a fine of £2500 sterling. From this agreement, following on his capitulation, and which is dated the 30th of May, 1655, both his uncles—Roderick Macleod of Tallisker, and Norman Macleod of Bernera—are expressly excluded. On the 22nd of November following, he was served heir in special to his father, and, on the 24th of February, 1656, he was duly infeft in the family estates by a precept from Chancery, except the lands of Glenelg, in which he was infeft on the 19th of October, 1657, in virtue of a precept of Clare Constat and Charter of Novodamus from the subject superior.

After the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, Roderick Macleod went to London to pay his homage to the King, and was very kindly received by His Majesty. Macleod was, however, so much cut up because Charles made no reference to the ruin of his family and the Clan Macleod at the Battle of Worcester, and its mournful results in Skye, that he returned home at once. He had taken his piper, Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, who had also been at the Battle of Worcester, with him to Court on this occasion, when he was allowed "to kiss hands," as a very special honour. MacCrimmon appears to have thought a great deal more about this incident than of the decimation of his clansmen at the Battle of Worcester, and he commemorated the honour conferred upon him, and the other polite attentions paid to him by the King, by composing that famous Piobaireachd—"Thug mi pog do laimh an Rìgh"—(I kissed the King's hand)—one of the verses of which is as follows:—

*Thug mi pog 'us pog 'us pog,
Gun d' thug mi pog do laimh an Rìgh;
'S cha d' chuir gnoth an craicinn caorach,
Fear a fhuair an fhaicill ach mi.*

It was to this Chief that Mary Macleod—"Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh"—the famous Skye Poetess, composed the well-known elegy—"Cumha do Mhac-Leoid." From this poem it would appear

that Roderick died away from his native land, certainly not at home ; for she says—

Ge goirt leam an naigheachd,
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
Gun a chorp bhi 'san duthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual da.

It would also appear from the same poem that he had a son Norman, who predeceased his father, for the Author says, in another stanza—

Ach a Ruairidh Mhic Iain,
'S goirt leam fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort,
Se mo chreach-sa mac t' athar,
Bhi na laidhe gun eiridh ;
Agus *Tormod a mhac-sa*,
A thasgaidh mo cheille !
Gur e aobhar mo gheurain,
Gun chailleadh le cheil' iad.

He had also a daughter, who married Stewart of Appin, and whose husband claimed the estate, on the death of her father without male heirs. The Poetess resents this claim in a burst of patriotic fervour, and exclaims—

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' og thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartaich beachdail,
'S iad tapaidh 'n am foirneart,
Na gabhsa meanmadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud nach coir dhut ;
Cha toir thu i dh'aindeoin,
'S cha'n fhaigh thu le deoin i.
C'uim an tigeadh fear coigreach,
A thagradh ur n' oighreachd ;
Ged nach eil e ro-dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri eisdeachd ;
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh
Mu chloinn mhac an fhir fheillidh,
Sliochd Ruairidh Mhoir Allail,
'S gur airidh iad thein oirr'.

This Chief, whose death the Poetess so bitterly mourns, and whose career she so highly extols, would seem to be the same Macleod who had banished her to the Island of Mull, where she appears still to be at the time of his death, and where she, apparently, composed this elegy. In Douglas' Baronage, it is stated that

Roderick died without issue. It is, however, clear, from "Cumha Mhic-Leoid," that he had both male and female issue; though his son, Norman, predeceased him. John Mackenzie, of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," in a foot-note to the above-quoted poem, says, that "Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of [this] Macleod of Dunvegan, which made the Macleods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of Macleod having left no male-heir." Roderick married Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat (eldest son of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail, and progenitor of the Earls of Cromarty), by Margaret, daughter of Sir George Erskine of Innerteil, a Lord of Session, without, as we have seen, any surviving male issue. She married, as her second husband, Sir George Campbell of Lawers, in the County of Perth.

Roderick Macleod died in January, 1664, when he was succeeded by his only brother.

(To be continued.)



THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS—THEIR SOCIAL AND LITERARY HISTORY—1775-1832.

[BY PROVOST MACANDREW.]

AT the commencement of the period of which we are treating, the Highlands had entered on a state of social and economic change. Influences, which had long been at work in other parts of the country, and had gradually produced their results there, were all at once brought to bear on the Highlands, and were producing a dissolution of the old bonds of society. The defeat of the last rebellion resulted in the effective disarmament of the clans, the deprivation of the chiefs and landlords of all judicial and territorial power over their tenants and the residents on their lands, and in the making effectual and patent all over the Highlands the power of the Central Government, and the authority of the law of the land administered by judges appointed by the Crown. The law did not attempt to interfere with that feeling of kinship, of common origin, and of tribal loyalty, which, apart from territorial connection, bound the chief and the clan together. It had never recognised this tie, and, in the case of the Dunmaglass succession, it was not very long ago declared, on the highest judicial authority, and after careful and antiquarian investigation, that the law knew of no such corporation or body as a clan, could not define it, and could not, therefore, give effect to a provision in a deed which confined the succession to an estate to the members of Clan Chattan. But, by the opening up of the country, and the visible exhibition of the powers of the Central Government, in the shape of garrisons all over the country, it brought home, to chief and clansman alike, that the most powerful clans could effect nothing, either against the Government or against hostile clans, and that the clan tie had passed from a powerful fact, which enabled a few gentlemen, with a total revenue of about £6000—for that was the rental of the estates which passed under the charge of the Commissioners on forfeited estates after the rebellion—to

raise a powerful army, and almost to upset the Government of Great Britain, into a sentiment which, however pleasing, could produce no practical result. The chief had thus practically revealed and brought home to him the fact that he was, in the eye of the law, at least, but the owner of the soil, but, also, that he was the absolute owner, with no power over his tenants but the power to exact rent or to remove them; while, to the clansman, it was equally brought home that he had no right to the land on which he and his ancestors had resided from time immemorial, but in respect of the rent which he paid—a rent which he soon practically found could be increased at the will of the landlord, unless when there was the protection of a lease, and, against the raising of which, the clansman had no remedy but to relinquish his possession. The military leader, by divine right, of a tribe of soldiers, every man of whom went every day armed and wearing the tartan and badges of his tribe, was transformed into a mere landlord entitled to exact rent, and the armed clansman was transformed into a mere cultivator or herdsman, forbidden to wear arms or to wear the distinctive tartan of his tribe.

Here was a change of relations, calculated to produce great social results; but, naturally, these results took some time to manifest themselves. The chiefs who had actually called out their clans and led them in the Forty-Five, and the clansmen who had actually fought under the banners, could not, all at once, cast behind them the old feelings which bound them together, or realise all at once that "the good old times had passed away"; and, when the estates were not forfeited, matters continued for a time to go on as before. On the forfeited estates, too, the management was lenient; there was no attempt whatever to remove possessors; on the contrary, leases of forty years were, as a rule, granted to the existing possessors, and rents were so leniently dealt with that, in some cases, the tenants were able to send the old rents to the exiled chiefs, as well as to discharge their obligations to the Government. Up till the beginning of the time of which we are treating, therefore, there was little actual change in the possession of land or in the social relations of the people. The mould in which the social system had been cast, and which had hitherto protected it, was removed, and the struc-

ture, deprived of its protection, was left to the influence of causes intended and calculated to break it up, but which were now only beginning to show their effects. Let us endeavour to realise, then, what this system was.

We find, then, all over the Highlands at this time, a social system representing the very earliest state of settled society. The whole population was dependent on the land, on its cultivation, and on the pasturage on it of domesticated animals. The land was possessed in property either by the chiefs of clans or by smaller proprietors who had, in various ways, of which we cannot here treat, acquired charter rights to portions of the original tribe lands, and who, although holding these lands under the Crown or under some intermediate feudal superior, to whom they owed feudal service up to the extinction of such services, were yet members of the clan to which they belonged by descent, and had, invariably, and often despite their feudal superiors, followed their chiefs. These proprietors were resident on their estates, parts of which they held in their own hands, and cultivated, or managed the cattle on them, by their own servants. Next in social rank to these came the tacksmen, as they were called, who held considerable tracts of land for payment of rents in money and kind. These were the gentlemen of the clan ; they held their possessions from father to son, and were often men of great power and influence—sometimes leaders of distinct septs. Next to them came the smaller tenants, holding, sometimes, and perhaps principally, of the tacksmen as sub-tenants, and sometimes direct of the proprietor. These were of various degrees, and, as a rule, they lived in small communities, holding the arable land in run-rig and dividing it every year, and possessing the pasture attached to the holding in common ; and, beneath these, were cottars, who held houses and small patches of land from the landlords, the tacksmen, or the sub-tenants, and paid for these almost entirely in services, and the servants, or scallags, who also received the great part of their remuneration in the possession of a house, a small piece of land—which they were allowed one day in the week to till—and in food. And, besides all these, there was a class who cultivated pieces of land, receiving the seed from the landlord or tacksmen, and receiving as their remuneration a certain portion of the produce,

or who leased cattle, giving for the use of them a return of so much butter and cheese.

The agriculture of this time was rude and primitive. Each farm, whether held by the landlord, the tacksman, or the community of small tenants, was divided into infield and outfield land, green pasture, and hill pasture, and meadow. The arable land, green pasture and meadow, was divided from the hill by a fence called the head dyke. The infield land was cultivated continuously, and the whole manure made on the holding was applied to it. There was no rotation of crops, for turnips were not yet in use, and potatoes were only just coming into use; and, if the infield land was rested at all, it was rested in bare fallow. The outfield land was broke up occasionally, and cropped as long as it yielded a return for the seed, and, when it would no longer do so, it was allowed to rest in grass until it had regained sufficient fertility to bear another series of crops—the meadow lay in patches interspersed among the arable land, and bare a scanty crop of hay. On the green pasture within the head dyke, the milk cows were grazed, and in the hill pasture beyond the houses yeld cattle, sheep, and goats were grazed in early Summer and Autumn. The old wooden plough was in general use on the larger farms, worked by a number of horses, yoked one in front of another; but on small patches of land, and among the smaller tenants, the *cas-crom*, or hand plough, which is still in common use in the West and in the Islands, was the principal instrument of agriculture. Water mills had long been in use, but the quern, or hand mill was still in general use, and corn, instead of being threshed out and dried in a kiln before being ground, was still very commonly *graddaned*, that is, burnt out of the husk either by burning the straw and ears together, or burning the ears alone, and thus separating the corn and drying it by one operation, tedious, no doubt, if only the husks were burned, and wasteful if the straw also was burned. This was a system of agriculture primitive and rude enough, but it must be borne in mind that the only object was to produce enough grain for domestic use, and that fifty or sixty years earlier the description, with the exception of the quern and the process of *graddaning*, would apply equally to the South of Scotland.

The great wealth of the community consisted in cattle; sheep

and goats were kept, the former for their wool for domestic use and for their mutton ; the goats for their flesh and milk ; but cattle were the only article of commerce, and the care of these was the principal occupation of life. The stock of cattle on a good farm in Skye is described as consisting of 50 cows, 40 yearlings or stirks, 35 heifers, two years old, 30 heifers, three years old, and 20 heifers fit for breeding ; and from this stock Pennant says the owner could sell only 20 cows at 45s. each, and make butter and cheese enough for domestic use, but none to sell—the cows not yielding more than three English quarts at a meal. But, besides this stock, there would be sheep and goats, and Pennant must have been misinformed as to the number sold ; for, besides old cows, there must have been oxen to sell at some age or other. The rent of such a farm, he says, was formerly sixteen pounds, but, at the time he wrote, it had been raised to fifty pounds. And, in considering the quantity of dairy produce, we must keep in mind that on such a farm 20 servants were employed, and these and their families had to be fed, and one considerable element in their food was milk in various forms.

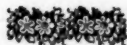
Beyond the hill pasture attached to each farm, and which did not usually exceed a few hundred acres, there extended the great mountain ranges, the bogs, and high glens. These were either wastes, or appropriated by the King, the Chiefs, and the great nobles as hunting grounds—for there are some great tracts, such as the forests of Mar and of Athole, the Black Mount, Ben-Alder, and others, which have been appropriated to sport from the earliest times of which we have any record—but when they were not so appropriated, these wastes were vast commons, over which the people of whole communities grazed in common, and cut turf and peats. To these wastes, in the Summer, the whole community migrated with the cattle, and remained there while the grass lasted. This annual migration was one of the most beautiful and joyous features of that old times. The people went out in a procession with their cattle and other domestic animals, headed by pipers. They lived in temporary huts of turf and branches, moving as the necessities of the stock required, and leading a free and joyous life. The men occupied in the care of the stock, and in fishing and shooting to help to provide themselves with food ; the

women in the work of the dairy, in knitting and spinning, and the whole joining in the evening in song and dance.

The cattle were usually disposed of in the Autumn, and were purchased by drovers, and driven by them in herds to the South of Scotland and England, and sold to grazers. The occupation of a drover was not then considered beneath a gentleman of good family, or even of estate. In an older time, we know that Rob Roy began life as a drover, and I have come across various pieces of evidence that gentlemen of estate often engaged in the occupation of purchasing cattle and taking them to the Southern markets. Sometimes the factor on large and remote estates became the purchaser of the cattle of the tenantry, and in some cases, no doubt, insisted on getting them at very low prices, but this was rare. As a rule, these sales and purchases were conducted with good feeling and confidence on both sides. The cattle were taken generally by the same person—the drover of the district—for a course of years, no price being fixed at the time of delivery, the understanding being that the price to be paid was to be according to the markets; and, with the prices paid or the bills granted by the drovers, rents and all other pecuniary obligations were discharged.

Of money, in the shape of coin or bank notes, there was very little indeed in the country. Dr. Johnson and Boswell, during their famous tour in the Hebrides, had great difficulty in getting a £30 bill on Edinburgh cashed; and, in the remote parts, there were no shops, and for supplies of all foreign productions the natives were dependant on pedlars, or, if they lived on the coast, on passing vessels and on wrecks.

(To be continued.)



SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, SUPERVISOR.

(Continued.)

THAT claret was the favourite drink among the better classes to the end of last century is remarkably corroborated by Burns's song of "The Whistle"—

" The dinner being over the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy."

The competitors having drunk six bottles of claret each, Glenriddle, "a high-ruling elder, left the foul business to folks less divine." Maxwelton and Craigdarroch continued the contest and drank one or two bottles more, Craigdarroch winning the whistle. Burns is said to have drunk a bottle of rum and one of brandy during the contest. There is a Highland story which would make a good companion to the foregoing Lowland picture. The time is much later, perhaps sixty years ago, and the beverage whisky. The laird of Milnain, near Alness, visited his neighbour the laird of Nonikiln. Time wore on, and the visit was prolonged until late at night. At last the sugar got down, and toddy is not very palatable without sugar. In those days no shop was nearer than Tain or Dingwall, and it was too late to send anywhere for a supply. Convivialities were threatened with an abrupt termination when a happy thought found its way into Nonikiln's befogged brain. He had bee-hives in the garden, and honey was an excellent substitute for sugar. A skep was fetched in, the bees were robbed, and the toddy bowl was replenished. The operation was repeated until the bees, revived by the warmth of the room, showed signs of activity, and stung their spoilers into sobriety. Dr. Aird, Creich, I understand, relates this story with great gusto.

There can be no doubt that till the latter part of last century, wine, ale, rum, and brandy were more used than whisky. Ian Lom, who died about 1710, in his song, "Moch 's mi 'g eirigh 'sa

Mhaduinn," mentions "gucagan fion," but makes no reference to whisky. Lord Lovat having occasion to entertain 24 guests at Beaufort in 1739, writes—"I have ordered John Forbes to send in horses for all Lachlan Macintosh's wine, and for six dozen of the Spanish wine."—(Transactions, Vol. XII). Colonel Stewart of Garth writing about 1820, says—"Till within the last 30 years, whisky was less used in the Highlands than rum and brandy, which were smuggled from the West Coast. It was not till the beginning, or rather towards the middle of last century that spirits of any kind were so much drank as ale, which was then the universal beverage. Every account and tradition go to prove that ale was the principal drink among the country people, and French wines and brandy among the gentry. Mr. Stewart of Crossmount, who lived till his 104th year, informed me that in his youth strong frothing ale from the cask was the common beverage. It was drunk from a circular shallow cup with two handles. Those of the gentry were of silver, and those used by the common people were of variegated woods. Small cups were used for spirits. Whisky house is a term unknown in Gaelic. A public-house is called Tigh-Leanna, *i.e.*, ale-house. In addition to the authority of Mr. Stewart, I have that of men of perfect veracity and great intelligence regarding everything connected with their native country. In the early part of their recollections, and, in the time of their fathers, the whisky drank in the Highlands of Perthshire was brought principally from the Lowlands. A ballad composed on an ancestor of mine in the reign of Charles I., describes the laird's jovial and hospitable manner, and, along with other feats, his drinking a brewing of ale at one sitting. In this song whisky is never mentioned, nor is it in any case, except in the modern ballads and songs."

Here is a verse of it :—

Fear Druim-a'-charaidh,
 Gur toigh leis an leann ;
 'S dh'oladh e 'n togail
 M' an togadh e 'cheann.

All the evidence that can be gathered goes to show that the manufacture and use of whisky must have been very limited until the latter part of last century. This is clearly shown by the small

quantities charged with Excise duty. On Christmas day, 1660, Excise duty was first laid on whisky in this country, the duty in Scotland being 2d., 3d., and 4d. per gallon, according to the materials from which the spirits were made. No record exists of the amount of duty paid until 1707, when it amounted only to £1810 15s. 11d., representing about 100,000 gallons, the population being 990,000. No record of the quantity charged exists until 1724, when duty was 3d. and 6d. In that year 145,602 gallons were charged, the duty amounting to £3504 12s. 10d., the population being little over one million. Last year the population was 3,866,521, the gallons of whisky charged 6,629,306, and the duty £3,314,680 10s. Since 1724, 160 years ago, the population of Scotland has increased nearly four times, the quantity of spirits charged for home consumption forty-five times, and the amount of duty over nine hundred and forty-seven times. In proportion to population, the people of Scotland are now drinking eleven times as much whisky as they did 160 years ago, so that our forefathers must have been much more temperate than we are, must have drunk more foreign wines and spirits or ale, or must have very extensively evaded the Excise duty.

Although much of the whisky manufactured at this time must have been distilled on a small scale within the homes in which it was consumed, there is early mention of public distilleries. In 1690 reference is made to the "Ancient Brewary of Aquavity," on the land of Ferintosh, and there is no reason to doubt that Ferintosh was the seat of a distillery before the levying of the Excise duty in 1660. The yearly Excise of the lands of Ferintosh was farmed to Forbes of Culloden in 1690, for 400 merks, about £22, and the history of the privilege is interesting. As in later times Forbes of Culloden sided with the Revolution party, and was of considerable service in the struggle which led to the deposition of James II., he was consequently unpopular with the "Highland Rebels," as the Jacobites were termed by the loyalists, and, during his absence in Holland, his estate in Ferintosh, with its "Ancient Brewary of Aquavity," was laid waste in October, 1689, by a body of 700 or 800 men, sent by the Earl of Buchan and General Cannon, whereby he and his tenants suffered much loss. In compensation for the losses thus sustained, an

Act of Parliament, farming to him and his successors the yearly Excise of the lands of Ferintosh, was passed as follows :—

“At Edinburgh, 22nd July, 1690.

“Our Sovereign Lord and Ladye, the King and Queen’s Majesties and the three Estates of Parliament :—Considering that the lands of Ferintosh were an Ancient Brewary of Aquavity; and were still in use to pay a considerable Excise to the Thesaury, while of late that they were laid waste of the King’s enemies; and it being just to give such as have suffered all possible encouragement, and also necessary to use all lawful endeavours for upholding of the King’s Revenue; Therefore their Majesties and the Estates of Parliament for encouragement to the possessors of the said Lands to set up again and prosecute their former Trade of Brewing and pay a duty of Excise as formerly; Do hereby Ferm for the time to come the Yearly Excise of the said lands of Ferintosh to the present Heritor Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and his successors Heritors of same for the sum of 400 merks Scots, which sum is declared to be the yearly proportion of that annuity of £40,000 sterling payable for the Excise to his Majestie’s Exchequer. The brewing to commence at the term of Lambas next to come, and payment to be made to the ordinary Collector of Excise for the Shyre of Inverness.”

Another Act was passed in 1695 continuing and confirming the privilege, after the Excise was “raised off of the Liqueur and not of the Boll?” The arable lands of Ferintosh extended to about 1800 acres, and calculating 5 bolls of barley to the acre, and a profit of £2 per boll, the gain must have been considerable. Mr. Arnot states that more whisky was distilled in Ferintosh than in all the rest of Scotland, and estimates the annual profit at about £18,000. Such a distinguished mark of favour, and so valuable a privilege were sure to raise envy against a man who was already unpopular, and we find the Master of Tarbat complaining to Parliament, *inter alia* :—

“That Culloden’s tack of Excise wrongs the Queen’s Revenue in 3600 merks per annum.

“That his tack of Excise wrongs his neighbours, in so far as he can undersell them, and monopolise the brewing trade.

“That his loss was not above a year’s rent.”

In answer Culloden states :—

“That he understands the meaning of the Act to be for what grows on his own lands.

“That whatever grain shall be carried from any place into his land (except it be to eat or sow), shall be lyable to Excise.

“That the amount of the loss sustained by himself and tenants was £54,000 Scotch, as ascertained by regular proof.”

After the establishment of a Board of Excise in 1707, frequent representations were made to the Treasury to buy this right, in consideration of the great dissatisfaction it created among the

distillers, who did not complain without cause, as in 1782 the duty paid was £22, while according to the current rate of duty £20,000 should have been paid. (*Owens.*) These representations prevailed, and the Act 26, G. III., cap. 73, sec. 75, provided for the purchase as follows :—

“Whereas Arthur Forbes of Culloden, Esq., in the county of Inverness, is possessed of an exemption from the duties of Excise, within the lands of Ferintosh under a certain lease allowed by several Acts of Parliament of Scotland, which exemption has been found detrimental to the Revenue and prejudicial to the distillery in other parts of Scotland, enacted That the Treasury shall agree with the said Arthur Forbes upon a compensation to be made to him in lieu of the exemption, and if they shall not agree, the barons of Exchequer may settle the compensation by a jury, and after payment thereof, the said exemption shall cease.”

In 1784 the Government paid £21,000 to Culloden, and the exemption ceased after having been enjoyed by the family for nearly a century. Burns thus refers to the transaction in “Scotch Drink,” which was written in the following year—

Thou Ferintosh ! O sadly lost !
 Scotland laments frae coast to coast !
 Now colic grips and barking hoast
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
 Is ta'en awa !

The minister of Dingwall, in his account of the parish, writing a few years after the abolition of the exemption, tells that during the continuance of the privilege, quarrels and breaches of the peace were abundant among the inhabitants, yielding a good harvest of business to the procurators of Dingwall. When the exemption ceased, the people became more peaceable, and the prosperity of attorneyism in Dingwall received a marked abatement. (*Dom. An. of Scot., Vol. III.*)

Colonel Warrand, who kindly permitted me to peruse the Culloden Acts, stated that the sites of four distilleries can be still traced in Ferintosh. An offer of £3000, recently made for permission to erect a distillery in the locality, was refused by Culloden, who feared that such a manufactory might be detrimental to the best interests of the people. Although there is no distillery, nor, so far as I am aware, even a smuggler in the locality, an enterprising London spirit-dealer still supplies real “Ferintosh,” at

least he has a notice in his window to that effect. This alone is sufficient to show how highly prized Ferintosh whisky must have been, and we have further proof in Uilleam Ross' "Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha" (1762-90):—

Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
 Gur ioc-shlaint chòir am beil buaidh e;
 'S tu thogadh m' inntinn gu suairceas,
 'S cha b'e druaid na *Frainge*.

And again in his "Mac-na-Bracha"—

Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
 An ioc-shlaint is uaisle t'ann;
 'S fearr do leigheas na gach lighich,
 Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
 'Stoigh leinn drama, lion a' ghlaire,
 Cuir an t-searrag sin a nall,
 Mac-na-brach' an gille gasda,
 Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

The duty had been 3d. and 6d. per gallon from 1709 to 1742. It had been raised gradually until in 1784, when the Ferintosh exemption ceased, it was 3s. 11½d. and 15 per cent., the gallons charged in that year being 239,350, and the duty paid £65,497 15s. 4d., the population being 1,441,808. Owing to the difficulty and cost of collection in the thinly populated portions of Scotland, the duties, while low, had been farmed out for periods not exceeding three years. Mr. Campbell of Islay farmed the Excise Revenue of that Island for a small sum as late as 1795, and even so late as 1804 the Commissioners were wont to receive lists of the names of persons recommended by the heritors of the Highland parishes, from which they elected two persons for each parish, to supply the parochial consumption from spirits distilled from corn grown in the vicinity. But, prior to these dates, the general farming of the duties had ceased, the Commissioners took the management in their own hands, and, as the duty was gradually increased, it was levied and collected by their own officers, much to the inconvenience and discontent of the people. A graphic picture of the state of matters caused by the high duties and stringent regulations is given by Burns, in his "Earnest Cry and Prayer," written in 1785, a year after "Forbes' chartered boast was taen awa"—

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
 Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
 On Aqua-vitæ,
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thistle;
 Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle,
 An'——Excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin' a still,
 Triumphant crushin' like a mussle
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard *Smuggler** right behind her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
 An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
 Nine times a week,
 If he some scheme like *tea* and *winnocks*,
 Wad kindly seek.

No doubt the poet's strong appeal helped the agitation, and before the end of the year the duty was reduced to 2s. 7½d., at which it remained for two years. Matters, however, were still unsatisfactory as regards the Revenue. The provisions of the law were not inadequate, but the enactments were so imperfectly carried out that the duty was evaded to a considerable extent. With the view of facilitating and improving collection, Scotland was divided in 1787 into Lowland and Highland districts, and duty charged according to the capacity of the still instead of on the gallon. When we are again about to divide Scotland for legislative purposes into Lowland and Highland districts, it is interesting to trace the old boundary line which was defined by the Act 37, G. III., cap. 102, sec. 6, as follows:—

* "*Smuggler*" is here used in its proper sense—one who clandestinely introduces prohibited goods, or who illicitly introduces goods which have evaded the legal duties. Although popularly used, the term "*Smuggler*" is not correctly applicable to an illicit distiller.

A certain line or boundary beginning at the east point of Loch-Crinan, and proceeding from thence to Loch-Gilpin; from thence along the great road on the west side of Lochfine, to Inverary and to the head of Lochfine; from thence along the high road to Arrochar, in county of Dumbarton, and from thence to Tarbet; from Tarbet in a supposed straight line eastward on the north side of the mountain called Ben-Lomond, to the village of Callendar of Monteith, in the county of Perth; from thence north-eastward to Crieff; from thence northward along the road by Ambleree, and Inver to Dunkeld; from thence along the foot and south side of the Grampian Hills to Fettercairn, in the county of Kincardine; and from thence northward along the road to Cutties Hillock, Kincardine O'Neil, Clatt, Huntly, and Keith to Fochabers; and from thence westward by Elgin and Forres, to the boat on the River Findhorn, and from thence down the said river to the sea at Findhorn, and any place in or part of the county of Elgin, which lies southward of the said line from Fochabers to the sea at Findhorn.

Within this district a duty of £1 4s. per annum was imposed upon each gallon of the still's content. It was assumed that a still at work would yield a certain annual produce for each gallon of its capacity. It was calculated that so much time would be required to work off a charge, and the officers took no further trouble than to visit the distilleries occasionally, to observe if any other stills were in operation, or if larger ones were substituted for those which had been already gauged. The distillers soon outwitted the Excise authorities by making improvements in the construction of their stills, so that instead of taking a week to work off a charge, it could be worked off in twenty-four hours, afterwards in a few hours, and latterly in eight minutes. These improvements were carried so far that a still of 80 gallons capacity could be worked off, emptied, and ready for another operation in three and a-half minutes, sometimes in three minutes. A still of 40 gallons could be drawn off in $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, until the amount of fuel consumed and consequent wear and tear, left it a matter of doubt whether the distiller was a gainer—(*Muspratt.*) To meet those sharp practices on the part of distillers, the duty was increased year after year until, in 1814, it amounted to £7 16s. 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per gallon of the still's content and 6s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., two-thirds additional on every gallon made. This mode of charging duty made it so much the interest of the distiller to increase the quantity of spirits by every means possible, that the quality was entirely disregarded, the effect being a large increase of illicit distillation consequent upon the better flavour and quality of the spirits produced by the illicit distiller. In sheer desperation, the Government, in 1814

(54, G. III., cap. 173, sec. 7), prohibited the use of stills of less capacity than 500 gallons, a restriction which increased the evil of illicit distillation. Colonel Stewart of Garth clearly shows how the Act operated.—

“By Act of Parliament, the Highland district was marked out by a definite line, extending along the southern base of the Grampians, within which all distillation of spirits was prohibited from stills of less than 500 gallons. It is evident that this law was a complete interdict, as a still of this magnitude would consume more than the disposable grain in the most extensive county within this newly drawn boundary; nor could fuel be obtained for such an establishment without an expense which the commodity could not possibly bear. The sale, too, of the spirits produced was circumscribed within the same line, and thus the market which alone could have supported the manufacture, was entirely cut off. Although the quantity of grain raised in many districts, in consequence of recent agricultural improvements, greatly exceeds the consumption, the inferior quality of this grain, and the great expense of carrying it to the Lowland distillers, who, by a ready market, and the command of fuel, can more easily accommodate themselves to this law, renders it impracticable for the farmers to dispose of their grain in any manner adequate to pay rents equal to the real value of their farms, subject as they are to the many drawbacks of uncertain climate, uneven surface, distance from market, and scarcity of fuel. Thus hardly any alternative remained but that of having recourse to illicit distillation, or resignation of their farms and breach of their engagements with their landlords. These are difficulties of which the Highlanders complain heavily, asserting that nature and the distillery laws present unsurmountable obstacles to the carrying on of a legal traffic. The surplus produce of their agricultural labour will therefore remain on their hands, unless they incur an expense beyond what the article will bear, in conveying to the Lowland market so bulky a commodity as the raw material, and by the drawback of prices on their inferior grain. In this manner, their produce must be disposed of at a great loss, as it cannot be legally manufactured in the country. Hence they resort to smuggling as their only resource. If it be indeed true that this illegal traffic has made such deplorable breaches in the honesty and morals of the people, the revenue drawn from the large distilleries, to which the Highlanders have been made the sacrifice, has been procured at too high a price for the country.”

(To be continued.)

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

VII.

ON Monday, 28th September, we steamed from Tobermory to Salen, Loch Suinart, a lovely spot, surrounded by fine woods. Here we got a very old-fashioned but comfortable brougham from the hotelkeeper, to take us to Mingarry School-house, where our next meeting was to be held. The road along which we drove was shaded for a considerable distance by very pretty woods, then in the full beauty of their autumnal tints. Shiel Bridge, marking the boundary between the counties of Inverness and Argyll, is a solid stone structure of one arch, spanning the River Shiel, a famous salmon stream, which flows from the loch of that name into the sea. Crossing the bridge, we entered the historic district of Moidart, a name indissolubly connected with Prince Charles Edward and many of his gallant adherents during the Forty-Five. The neat stone and lime cottages of the people, all roofed with slate or corrugated iron, were a striking contrast to most of the wretched huts we had been accustomed to see for the previous few weeks in the Hebrides. The people themselves, though, doubtless, they have their grievances, had a comfortable and prosperous look, not seen in their fellow-crofters in the Islands. At the School-house, we were cordially welcomed by the genial priest of Moidart, the Rev. Father Charles Macdonald, a native of Inverness, and one of the first scholars enrolled on the books of Dr. Bell's Institution. The School-house was the prettiest I have seen, the walls being completely hidden by climbing flowers, while the interior displayed the artistic taste of the lady in charge in the chaste floral and folial decorations with which it was adorned.

Before the meeting, we drove back, accompanied by Father Macdonald, to Shiel Bridge, whence a road to the right, following the bank of the river, brought us opposite the fine Highland residence of Lord Howard of Glossop. A few hundred yards from

the windows of the mansion-house, stand the ruins of the old Castle of Eileantyrin, once a famous stronghold of the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and now, we believe, with the little island, or rather peninsula, upon which it stands, forming the last remnant, possessed by the hereditary chief of Clanranald, of the wide domains once held by his powerful and warlike ancestors. While Father Macdonald went to ask Lord Howard for the key of the ruined Castle, Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh and I walked over to the ruin, and had a look at the exterior. The Castle proper is completely surrounded and concealed from view by a strong outer wall, having no windows, and very few loopholes. This wall is in excellent preservation, and, doubtless, contributed largely to the protection of the inner building, which, though ravaged by fire, is still fairly complete. By the time we had finished our survey of the exterior, Father Macdonald arrived with the key, and we were admitted into the courtyard. From this another door gave us access to the principal apartments. Above this door was a hollow shaft of masonry, intended, we were told, for pouring boiling water or molten lead upon an enemy attempting to force an entrance. A low archway, of great thickness, led us into the dungeon, a dark, loathsome hole, but larger than is usually found in old castles. On the threshold, a strange and inexplicable phenomenon is always present. The black ground appears covered over a small surface with vivid red spots, varying in size, but exactly resembling drops of blood. These spots are composed of a fluid which oozes out of the ground. Rubbed away with the foot, they appeared again in a few moments exactly as before. No one has ever yet been able to account for this strange circumstance. Father Macdonald told us that an eminent Glasgow analyst, who visited the place a few years ago, at once took the spots to be blood, and carried away some of the stained soil with him to make the matter sure by analysis. On reaching home, however, and applying the usual tests, he found that the spots were not blood-stains, but what else he could not make out, so the matter has always remained a puzzle and a mystery to all who have seen it.

The following particulars of the burning of the Castle, and some interesting antiquarian discoveries in connection with it,

were supplied to me by Father Macdonald:—Castle Tyrim was burnt, by orders of Clanranald himself, in 1715. The Chief had just gathered the Islesmen under his sway, and his retainers on the mainland, in order to take part in the Rising organised by the Earl of Mar. Fearing, however, that the Duke of Argyll might seize upon the Castle in his absence, and throw a garrison into it whom it might be difficult afterwards to dispossess, he judged it prudent to set the old family residence in flames. Some say that this excellent Chief had a strong presentiment that he would never return from the expedition, and, as a matter of history, he was one of the very first to fall at Sheriffmuir, being shot through the heart. His name was Allan Macdonald of Clanranald, commonly called "Allan Muideartach," and he was the last in the direct line from the original ancestor of the family. The property, after his death, passed into the nearest collateral branch—Macdonald of Benbecula.

There always had been a tradition in Moidart, since Allan's death, that, in the hurry of departure from the Castle, a certain sum of money had been forgotten, which might be found buried under part of the ruins. It was also a tradition that, previous to Allan's time, another sum had been stolen from one of the chiefs then resident at Castle Tyrim, and that, doubtful as to the real culprit, the chief hanged his butler, his cook, and another servant, all of whom he had strong reasons to suspect. Most people, except the natives, looked upon these traditions as idle stories, for there never yet has been a ruined castle without its legend of some secret treasure being buried beneath its vaults, or stored away in some secret chamber which no one can find. However, in the present case, the tradition turned out to be correct. When Mr. Hope Scott bought the adjoining property from the late Loch-shiel, he took steps to have the inner court of Castle Tyrim cleared of a large mass of debris which blocked the entrance, and which filled the court to a depth of several feet. About a week after commencing operations, one of the workmen, in clearing away the fragments of a beam which had been reduced almost to charcoal, perceived a small heap, which he at first imagined to be a part of this charcoal, but which, on a closer examination, he discovered to be cloth or leather—but so worn or burnt as to make

it difficult to determine its true substance. Inside the heap there was a heavy coagulated mass of coins, large in shape, and encrusted with verdigris. The find was, of course, handed over to Mr. Hope Scott. Upon examination, and after a thorough cleaning and burnishing of the whole, it was discovered that these coins were Spanish and German silver dollars, solid like our own crown-pieces lately in circulation, and of beautiful design. Ultimately, they passed into the hands of Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald of Clanranald, so that, after a lapse of one hundred and sixty years, they may be said to have returned to their legitimate owner.

A few years after this, that portion of Moidart, latterly called Dorlin, was bought from Mr. Hope Scott by the late Lord Howard of Glossop. Amid the many schemes for improving the estate, inaugurated by that enlightened nobleman, was one of opening up a path along the cliffs overhanging the sea-shore, eastward of Dorlin House, towards a deserted hamlet called Briac. When the cutting had reached one of the roughest spots, a small open space, barely visible from below, was discovered, and in its centre a heap of loose stones, which, on being dispersed, revealed a pile of silver coins, about the size of our present shilling pieces. So far as can be judged, there must have been a hundred and fifty, or thereabouts, of them. They all belonged to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and were of the very basest metal. This, undoubtedly, was the money stolen from one of the earlier chiefs, and for which his hapless servants suffered.

It is well known that it formed part of the policy of the English Government in those days to bribe the Highland chiefs, and to encourage them to give as much trouble as possible to the Scottish throne. Probably the money disinterred, after a lapse of three hundred years, under the Dorlin cliffs, had something to do with such unprincipled bribery.

Leaving the Castle, we drove back to Mingarry, and, after a good meeting there, at which Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh alluded, with great feeling, to the historic interests and romantic surroundings of the district, were hospitably entertained, in his own house, by Father Macdonald, who also showed us the pretty chapel adjoining, where he officiates. We then returned to Salen, and, going on board our yacht, steamed for Corran Ferry, Loch Linnhe,

where we cast anchor shortly after dark. Next day, Tuesday, 29th September, at Onich, North Ballachulish, we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Stewart of Nether-Lochaber, the well-known antiquarian and naturalist. The grandeur, variety, and beauty of the scenery, seen from his windows, are magnificent, and it is hardly to be wondered at that they have inspired his pen to those fine depictions which have delighted thousands. Encouragement to build should be given by Lochiel, all along the north shores of Loch Leven, which would prove a source of wealth to himself and to the country. Steaming to Fort-William in the afternoon, we had a crowded and most enthusiastic meeting there in the Drill Hall. On Wednesday, we steamed through the Caledonian Canal as far as Garelochy Locks, driving thence to Roy Bridge and Blairour, and returning to the yacht in the evening. Thursday brought us to Fort-Augustus, whence we drove to Invergarry, returning to Fort-Augustus and holding a crowded meeting there in the evening, not a whit behind those in the Islands.

At ten o'clock on the forenoon of Friday, 2nd October, we bade farewell to the *Carlotta* and her crew, with mutual regret and good wishes. The yacht was decked from peak to stern with flags; the cook marched the deck with his bagpipes, playing "Cha till mi tuilleadh," and "Cabar-Feidh," while the Captain and crew cheered lustily as we drove away to Invermoriston. Two meetings were held at Torgoil and Invermoriston, and, by eleven o'clock at night, after a day of incessant rain, we reached Inverness once more, having passed a busy month of rough, but pleasant, travel, among a people and a peasantry, who, though long down-trodden and oppressed, and only now perceiving the dawn of their emancipation, can yet show a bright example to the world for hospitality, politeness, and good morals, and of whom a kindly recollection will ever linger in the writer's mind. To do justice in some degree to the people, and to place on record the impressions made at the time, was the chief inducement to my writing these articles. That such a people, with a not unfertile soil, and surrounded with valuable fishings, should be in such a wretched state of poverty, is most deplorable. The time has come when wiser heads than mine must solve the problem. Alas! what are the landlords doing? Why, in place of assisting and encouraging

the people, they cry out for armed forces to crush them. "Oh, the pity o' it."

I cannot close the recital without a tribute to Captain Mac-lachlan and his crew. To the Captain's admirable seamanship we owed much, while his politeness and attention was unremitting. He was ably seconded by his mate, Sandy Mackellar, than whom a better seaman never trod a deck, and whose fine figure and winning manner will always be recalled with pleasure by those who know him. Of the rest, including our caterer and steward, Mr. Peter Kerr, little need be said—they all did their work, so far as we were concerned, thoroughly well.

One word more, and I have done. The meetings, from the beginning to the end of the trip, were, without exception, of the most hearty and enthusiastic character. In the Western Islands, especially, the people welcomed Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh with processions, flags, music, and bonfires. As he himself, in his speech at Portree, said—"I must say that I have obtained a reception in the Islands of Inverness-shire which, I don't believe, has ever been given to any private individual before. If I might be allowed to put myself for one moment in comparison with a man who was once the greatest chief in the Highlands—Somerled of the Isles—I don't believe he was received in his journeyings more cordially than I was." The example set by the people of the Isles was extensively followed on the Mainland.

The result of the Election, which took place on Thursday, 3rd December, was an overwhelming triumph for the Popular Cause and the People's Candidate. The official declaration of the poll, made on 5th December, read as follows:—

MR. CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH	-	-	-	3555
Mr. Reginald Macleod	-	-	-	2031
Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie	-	-	-	1897

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.



THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

*(Continued.)*SOME TROUBLES BETWIXT SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS
IN 1612.

THE year of God, 1612, there happened some discord and dissensions betwixt Sutherland and Caithness, which troubled a little the peace of that part of the Kingdom. The occasion was this :—One Arthur Smith (a false coiner), being, together with his servant, apprehended for making and striking of false money, were both sent to Edinburgh, the year of God, 1599, where his servant was executed, but Arthur himself escaped, and retired into Caithness, and dwelt there with the Earl of that country. The report hereof coming to the King's ears, the year of God, 1612, His Majesty gave a secret commission to his servant, Sir Robert Gordon (the Earl of Sutherland's brother), for apprehending this Arthur Smith ; but, as Sir Robert was going about to perform the same, he received a commandment from His Majesty to accompany Sir Alexander Hay (then Secretary of Scotland) in apprehending John Lesley of New Lesley, and some other rebels in Gereagh ; which Sir Robert obeyed, and committed the execution of the commission against Arthur Smith unto his nephew, Donald Mackay of Farr, John Gordon of Gospeter, younger (nephew to George Gordon slain at Marle, the year 1587), and to John Gordon, son to John Gordon of Backies. These three, parting from Sutherland with 36 men, came to the town of Thurso in Caithness, where Arthur Smith then dwelt, and there apprehended him ; which, when John Sinclair of Skirkag (the Earl of Caithness's nephew) understood, he assembled the inhabitants of the town, and opposed himself to the King's commission. There ensued a sharp skirmish upon the streets of Thurso, where John Sinclair of Skirkag was slain, and James Sinclair of Dun left there, deadly hurt, lying upon the ground ; Arthur Smith was there

likewise slain ; divers of the Sutherland men were hurt ; but, perceiving Smith dead, they left Thurso, and retired themselves all home into their own country.

Thereupon, both the parties compeared before the Secret Council at Edinburgh. The Earl of Caithness did pursue Sir Robert Gordon, Donald Mackay, and John Gordon, for the slaughter of his nephew. These, again, did pursue the inhabitants of Caithness for resisting the King's commissioners. The Secret Council (having special commandment from His Majesty to that effect) dealt earnestly with both the parties ; and, in end, persuaded them to submit these questions and debates to the arbitrament of friends. A certain number of the Lords of Council were chosen as friends for either party. The Archbishop of St. Andrews and the Earl of Dunfermline, Chancellor of Scotland, were appointed oversmen by consent of both the parties. These friendly judges, having heard the business reasoned in their presence, and, finding that the examination thereof would prove tedious and intricate, they direct a power to the Marquis of Huntly to deal in the matter ; desiring him to try, if, by his means and mediation, these contentions might be settled, happening betwixt parties so strictly tied to him by blood and alliance, the Earl of Sutherland being his cousin-german, and the Earl of Caithness having married his sister. The Marquis of Huntly did his best, but could not prevail, either party being so far from condescending to the other's demands, and so he remitted the business back again to the Secret Council ; which Sir Robert Gordon perceiving, he moved the King's Majesty for a pardon to Donald Mackay, John Gordon, and their associates, for the slaughter of John Sinclair of Skirkag ; which His Majesty earnestly granted, seeing it was committed in the execution of His Majesty's service ; yet, nevertheless, there still remained a grudge in the minds of the parties, searching by all means and occasions to infest one another, until the year of God, 1619, that the Earl of Caithness and Sir Robert Gordon (then, by his brother's death, Tutor of Sutherland) were reconciled by the mediation of George Lord Gordon, Earl of Enzie, by whose travel and diligence all particulars betwixt the Houses of Sutherland and Caithness were finally settled ; and then went both of them familiarly to either's houses ; whose perfect

reconciliation will, doubtless, tend to the peace and quiet of these parts of the kingdom.

THE SPANISH BLANKS, AND WHAT FOLLOWS THEREUPON.

The year 1592, the Ministry and Church of Scotland thought it necessary that all such as professed the Roman religion in the kingdom should either be compelled to embrace the reformed religion, or else that the censure of excommunication should be used against them, and their goods decerned to appertain to the King so long as they remained disobedient. Mr. George Carr, doctor of the laws, was the first that withstood, and was excommunicated; the next was David Graham of Fintrie. This Mr. George Carr, considering that hereby he could have no quiet residence within his native country, did deliberate with himself to pass beyond sea into Spain; and, therefore, that he might be the more welcome there, he devised certain blanks, as if they had been subscribed by some of the Scottish nobility, and directed from them to the King of Spain, to be filled up at his pleasure; which project was first hatched by the Jesuits, and chiefly by Father Crichtoun, who, for some discontentment, had, a few years before, left Scotland and fled into Spain, where he endeavoured to insinuate himself with King Philip's favour, and published a book concerning the genealogy of his daughter, the Infante, married to the Archduke; wherein he did his best to prove that the two Crowns of England and Scotland did appertain unto her; and, that this cunning Jesuit might the rather move King Philip to make war against the King of Scotland, he wrote books and pamphlets in the disgrace of his own native Prince. Then he adviseth with himself that his next and readiest way was to solicit some of his friends in Scotland, who were of his faith; and, to this effect, he wrote letters, this year, 1592, to this George Carr, and to such of his own colleagues, the Jesuits, as were then in this kingdom, whereby he made them understand what great favour and credit he had with the King of Spain, who, by his persuasions, was resolved both to invade England, and to establish the Catholic faith in Scotland; but, first, that King Philip would be assured of the good-will of the Catholics of Scotland; wherefore he behoved to have certain blanks subscribed by the Catholics, and that he should cause them to be filled up afterwards; which, if he did obtain, he had promise

of the King of Spain to send them 250,000 crowns to be distributed among them. After this advertisement of Father Crigh-toun's, this George Carr (by the advice of the Jesuits then resident in Scotland) devised these blanks, to the effect that George Carr might transport them into Spain. Carr addressed himself to the town of Ayr to have taken shipping there, and, lying in the Isle of Cumrye, attending a fair wind, he was discovered, by the indiscretion of Father Abercromby, and apprehended in the ship; from whence he was carried back to Ayr, and from thence conveyed to Edinburgh. With him was found a packet of letters, directed (as it were) from some Scottish noblemen into Spain and some parts of France; therein were found blanks alleged subscribed by the Earl of Angus, the Earl of Huntly, the Earl of Erroll, and Sir Patrick Gordon of Achindoun, uncle to the Earl of Huntly. The blanks were thus, *Imprimis*, two missive bills directed to the King of Spain; the one subscribed *de votre Majesté tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur, François Comte d'Erroll*; another on this manner, *de votre Majesté tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur, Guillaume Comte d'Angus*; item, another blank subscribed by them all four, as it were by form of contract or obligation conjointly, thus—*Gulielmus Angusiae Comes, Georgius Comes de Huntley, Franciscus Erroliae Comes, Patricius Gordon de Achindowne Miles*; item, a blank subscribed apart by *Franciscus Erroliae Comes*; item, one by *Georgius Comes de Huntley*; item, one by *Gulielmus Angusiae Comes*. Hereupon the Ministers sent some of the Privy Council to the King to Alloway (where His Majesty then lay) to advertise him of these blanks. The King came to Edinburgh, where all the matter was debated to him at length, partly by Mr. Bowes Leiger, Ambassador for the Queen of England in Scotland, and partly by Mr. Robert Bruce, Principal Minister at Edinburgh, showing that the realm of Scotland was in apparent danger of Spaniards to be brought in, by the forenamed earls being Papists; and, thereby, both His Majesty's crown was in danger and the Established religion in hazard to be altered. That Mr. George Carr had sufficiently declared the whole circumstance of the business in his confession, accusing the Popish lords as guilty of these blanks; and thus, taking the matter already *pro confesso*, they urge the business vehemently, and do entreat His Majesty to

proceed against them with all celerity and rigour. Then was David Graham of Fintrie apprehended, arraigned, and executed at Edinburgh, in February this year, 1592 (or 1593 *stilo novo*), who, thinking to save himself thereby, did write a long letter, subscribed with his own hand, directed to the King, wherein he made mention that the Roman Catholics of Scotland had undertaken to receive such a number of soldiers as the King of Spain and his Council should appoint; and, in case he would bestow any money for levying of men here, they should willingly both convey the King's army into England, and retain a certain number in Scotland, for reformation of religion, and to purchase liberty of conscience; that he himself had given counsel thereunto divers times, after that the matter was communicated to him by the Jesuits, and because he fore-knew this purpose, and concealed the same, he was in danger of the law; for this cause, he desired not to be tried by a jury, but offered himself unto the King's mercy and will, when he was arraigned at the bar. The King (notwithstanding of this his voluntary confession) commanded to proceed against him according to the law; which was done.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM ROSS.

IN the days of our boyhood, the name of William Ross was a household word in the North-West Highlands and Islands; and his songs were in everybody's mouth (or ears.) Mothers hushed their infants to sleep, crooning, in their own peculiar and happily natural style—

“Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
 Seinn eibhinn an dàil;
 Seinn eibhinn, bhinn eibhinn,
 Seinn eibhinn gach là;
 Seinn eibhinn, binn eutrom,
 Seinn eibhinn do ghnà,
 Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
 Chuireadh m' eislein gu làr.”

The sturdy, sinewy boatmen, as they bent to their oars, would chant, in measured cadence—

“Beir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
Gu ribhinn nan dlùth-chiabh,
Rì an tric robh mi sùgradh
Ann am brùthaichean Ghlinn-bhraoin.”

The pensive milkmaid, as she drew forth the snow-white stream, would dreamily break into—

“Gu 'm b' annsa na bhi 'm aonar,
Mo lamh 's mo ghaol thoir uam,
Mar aon is lubadh farasda
Le oigfhear fearail, stuam’.”

The shepherd, as he reclined on the verdant hillside, with a *keek* at the sun and a glance towards his flock, his thoughts on “somebody” he should like to have beside him there, would strike up—

“Eh ho-ro, mo run an cailinn,
Eh ho-ro, mo run an cailinn,
Mo run cailinn suaire a mhanrain,
Tha gach ta a tigh'n fodh m' aire.”

The health-revealing ploughboy, as he leisurely followed his team, would alternately whistle in rollicking style—

“A dheilbhinn, thoir a ghealach ort,
Gabh aite measg nam planaidean ;
Cha'n ionad comhnuidh'n talamh dhuit,
Ach speuran soilleir sar-ghlan.”

In the “Tigh-ceilidh,” the funny man of the company, as he ogled the prettiest girl, would, with inexpressible relish, have a turn at—

“Ye bonny young virgins, ge sgiobalt ur ceum,
Be careful gun treig sibh an fhéill so gun dàil,
For though ye be handsome, 's ge meachair ur beul,
'S fìor nonsense gun cheill mur a reitich sibh tràth.”

And the sentimental youth would follow with—

“Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin,
O's mi caoidh,
'S cruaidh fhortain gun fhios,
A chuir mis' ann an luib do ghaol,”

Amid the whisperings, grimaces, and giggling, of all the maiden element, much to the amusement of their seniors.

The cronies, “O'er a wee drappie o't,” would make the rafters ring again and again to the chorus of

“Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,”

The favourite verses being repeated so often that seldom or never was the song satisfactorily finished. The most popular quatrain almost invariably was—

“Is tu mo laochan, soitheamh, siobhalt,
Cha bhi loinn ach far am bi thu ;
Fograidh tu air falbh gach mi-ghean,
'S bheir thu sith a' aimhreit.”

Let each one judge for himself how much or how little truth is in this estimate of the virtues of *aqua vite*.

In the “Tigh-luadhaidh,” in the harvest-field, and watching at the kiln—in fact, wheresoever two or three were gathered together—except on serious occasions—there Ross's songs were largely drawn upon, and always received full justice. He was a universal favourite ; his admirers were legion ; and the fair sex adored him—dead !

We sometimes wonder if William's lyrics are so well known and so often sung now-a-days. We fear not. There have been influences at work for long in those parts which have tended to wipe out the memories and usages of other and happier times among the peasantry ; and the everlasting struggle for dear life, which has been year by year pressing heavier upon them, has gone far to crush the spirit and change the character of a proud, generous, devoted race ; while, to a great extent, the best manhood of the nation is being drained or driven away to enrich the colonies and other countries, where the Highlander can hold his own with the foremost in the fight ; where he gets all he asks—a fair field and no favour.

After a first perusal, it would be difficult for one to determine in what kind of poetry Ross most excelled, for he appears to have been equally at home in all branches of composition—grave and gay. His songs never weary one ; and the oftener we read them the better we like them. Is that not a good test of poetic merit ? Ross's diction is never strained ; his rhyme and rhythm are seldom faulty ; and a quiet, unassuming, yet confident, style, runs throughout all his poems. But the general conclusion arrived at, and we may say accepted, is that, if his amorous pieces were left out, the remainder would not be classed higher than mediocrity. In his Love Songs, therefore, we have Ross's greatest charm, and his

best title to a high place among the many sons of song who have enriched the poetic literature of our Scottish Highlands. In such compositions, he outshines any known Gaelic bard of the past; and, if he had left us anything more pretentious than a lyric, Alexander Macdonald and Duncan MacIntyre might well tremble for the possession of their higher niches in the Temple of Fame. But William, with his own hands, in a fit of despondency, we are told, committed all his MSS. to the flames shortly before he died; and thus, we know not how much we have lost. We may safely conjecture it was a great deal, for we know what he was capable of doing by what has been preserved of the fruits of his muse. He was known to have had several pieces of considerable length and merit among those MSS., and some say the whole had been prepared for the press; but such a design, if projected, was for ever frustrated by his own rash act. What remains have been rescued are due to the memory of others, so that we have actually nothing that we are sure is correct and complete—as William would himself have left it. He is said to have been careful in revising his work; and this cannot be said in every case for the poems as they now stand. Had William lived in peace and comfort to an average age, his name and fame would probably have eclipsed those of all his rivals; but alas! his career was brief and unhappy, and his work ended before it had much more than well begun.

In the collection before us (that made by John Mackenzie of "Sar Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," to whom Gaelic literature owes much besides), there are, at least, two pieces which should certainly have been consigned to oblivion; and, had William himself lived to publish his poems, we are sure, from the estimate we have formed of his character, that the pieces we allude to would not have been included, as they are in every way quite unworthy of a place among the exquisite gems embraced in the collection. We are at a loss to know why these two very improper poems were given to the public, as, in point of merit, they are as far below William Ross's standard of composition as they are antagonistic to our notions of pure literature. The coarsest of these was a youthful production; but, if this is any excuse for its existence, it can be no excuse for its publication—which was extremely

ill-judged ; and, when next edition is taken in hand, we trust that, for the sake of all concerned, these two pieces will be suppressed ; and also a part of the satire upon the lazy fellow whom the poet had engaged to do some manual labour, but who had gone to sleep over it—which is otherwise an admirable “skit.”

It was particularly fortunate that Ross was himself a good vocalist and musician ; for, by his having set many of his songs to simple and catching airs, they came into general use among the people, and were thus preserved when many of his other poems were forgotten in whole or in part.

HIS LOVE SONGS.

These were, of course, most in vogue among the young people ; and, taken as a whole, are the most important and most perfect of what has been so preserved. Those inspired by his baneful passion for Marion Ross are brimful of exquisite ideas and sentiments, and will last as long as the Gaelic language. The praise he bestows is such as we should fancy would be about enough to turn the head of any ordinary girl. Take, for example, from “*Feasgar Luain*” :—

“Dhiuchd mar aingeal mu mo choinneamh
 'N ainmhir og bu ghrinne snuadh ;
 A seang shlios fallain air bhlath canaich,
 No mar an ealla air a chuan ;
 Suil-ghorm mheallach fo 'caol mhala
 'S caoin a sheallas 'g amharc uaith,
 Beul tlath, tairis, gun ghne smalain,
 Dha'n ghnath carthantachd gun uaill.

“Mar ghatb grein' am madainn cheitein
 Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shuil ;
 'S i ceumadh urlair gu reidh, iompaidh, iulmhor,
 Do reir pungannan a chiuil.
 Ribhinn modhail 's fìor-ghlan foghlum,
 Dh' fhion-fhuil mhoralach mo ruin ;
 Reul nan oighean, grian gach coisridh,
 'S i'n chiall chomhraidh, cheol-bhinn, chiuin.

“'S tearc an sgeula sonnailt d'aogaisg
 Bhi ri fhaotainn 'san Roinn-Eorp ;
 Tha mais' is feile, tlachd is ceutachd
 Nach fhacas leam fhein fa m' chòir ;
 Gach cliu a fas riut, a 'muirn 'san aillteachd,
 An sugradh is a' manran beùil ;

'S gach buaidh a b'aillidh bh'air *Diana*
Gu leir mar fhagail tha aig Mòir.

"'S bachlach, duallach, cas-bhuidh, cuachach.
Càradh suaimhneas gruaig do chinn ;
Gu h-àluinn, boidheach, fainneach, òr-bhuidh,
An càraibh seolghn' 's an ordugh grinn.
Gun chron a fas riut a dh' fhaot aireamh
Bho do bharr gu sail do bhuinn ;
Dhiuchd na buaidhean, oigh, mu'n cuairt dut,
Gu meudachdain d' uail 's gach puing.

" Bu leigheas eugail slan on' Eug
Do dh' fhear a dh' fhaotadh 'bhi ad choir ;
B' fhearr na'n cadal bhi riut fagaig
'G eisdeachd agallaidh do bheòil.
Cha robh *Bhenus* a measg leugaibh
Dh' aindeoin feuchantachd cho bòidh'ch,
Ri Mòr, nigh 'n mhin, a leon mo chridh,
Le' buaidhean 's mi 'ga dith ri m' bheò."

Or, again, take the following from "Cuachag nan Craobh":—

"'S cama-lubach d' fhalt, fainne-bhuidh nan cleachd.
'S fabhradh nan rosg àluinn ;
Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaoth garaidh.

" 'S milis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud,
Suilean air lidh airneig ;
Ghiulaineadh breid uallach gu feill.
'S uasal an reul àluinn !

" 'S tu 'n ainneir tha grinn, mileanta, binn,
Le d' cheileir a seinn oran ;
'Se bhi 'na do dhail a dh' oidheche 's a là,
'Thoilicheadh cail mi oige.
Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar.
Na 'n canach air sliabh mointich ;
Nan deanadh tu, 'ruin, tarraunn rium dlùth
Dheanainn gach tìrs' fhogradh."

This last quoted pathetic and charmingly melancholy effusion was one of the last efforts of Ross's muse, and is, perhaps, at once the most powerful and the most beautiful of his poems. How touchingly he addresses the bird in the tree overhead, whose sympathy he invokes before unburdening his soul ! How graphically he pictures the joys he would experience in the society of

his beloved! Suddenly, "a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream," for the vision of a bridal pair glides in, to remind him that she whom he adores is for ever lost to him. Then comes a bitter, despairing wail from his overcharged heart, and a sad forecast of the consequences to himself is indited, which indeed was to prove only too true. He fondly dwells upon the beauties and graces of her person and her charming ways, breaking into something like a reproach for her indifference to himself. Then, for a moment, he hurls his curse on the nurse who had not given him a "quick despatch" out of the world on his arrival in it, so that he could never have met his goddess, to sigh and to die in vain for her. But it is only for a moment this savage feeling is allowed to pervade his breast. The next, he turns to the object of his fateful attachment with tender blessings—and so ends this singularly fascinating poem.

The other three songs on the same theme, and in a similar strain, are, one and all, excellent productions; and, although so sad and painfully depressing in their influence, we would not have them divested of this power, for therein is their grandest charin and essence. We only wish there was more of them. In the one beginning—

"Tha mise fòdh mhulad 's an am,"

We have some splendid imagery. Take, for instance—

"Tha mise ri osnach 'n ad dheidh
Mar ghaisgeach an deis a leòn,
'Na laidhe 's an araich gun theum
'S nach teid anns an streup ni's mò."
"Se dh' fhag mi mar eudmhail air treud,
Mar thear nach toir speis do mhnaoi, &c."

His comparing himself to a wounded warrior, lying disabled on the battlefield, never more to take part in the strife of the brave, is a good simile and well expressed. Then notice the masterly play upon words that he introduces here:—

"Mo sheanair ri paidheadh mail,
Is m' athair ri mail'aid riamh;
Chuireadh iad gearrain an crann,
Is ghearrainn-sa rann roimh chiad."

The substance here shows that William had a very fair opinion of his own ability, for he says, and says truly, that, notwithstanding

he had been slighted by some, and called "a bard of no regard," he could shape a stanza better than a hundred could. Then, who could be callous to the exquisite beauties and forcible language of the last two stanzas of this poem, which none but a masterhand could have written—a master mind have planned:—

"Is fad a tha m' aigne fodh 'ghruaim,
Cha mhosgail mo chluais ri ceòl;
Am breislich mar anrach a chuain
Air bharraibh nan stuadh ri ceò.
'Se 'g ionndrainn d' abhachd uam
A chaochail air snuadh mo neòil,
Gun sugradh, gun mhìre, gun uail,
Gun chaithream, gun bhuaidh, gun treòir.

"Cha duisgear leam ealaidh air àill'.
Cha chuirear leam dàn air dòigh;
Cha togar leam fonn air clàr;
Cha chluinnear leam gair nan òg.
Cha dìrich mi bealach nan àrd
Le suigear mar bhà mi 'n tòs,
Ach triallam a chadal gu bràth
Do thalla nam bàrd nach beò."

No more would he sing a melody, nor compose a poem, nor play a tune, nor hear the joyous laughter of the children. No more could he ascend the mountain with the elastic step and light heart of his bygone days: he must depart to sleep for ever in the halls of the bards who had gone before!

Had we never seen more of Ross's work than these sixteen lines, we could tell that the author possessed rare and subtle genius, though, perhaps, leaning towards the melancholy side rather much. But that would not be a just estimate of Ross at all, for the melancholy vein was not his most natural one. His temperament had much more of the humourist, and his lapsing into the melancholy mood was clearly the result of accident.

In several of his other poems Ross manages to throw in allusions to Marion's charms, and the only wonder is how he sang so much about her and always found so many new and elegant things to say in her praise. The circumstances were peculiarly fitted to draw out all the tenderness of the poet, and John Mackenzie truly observes, "His poetry deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing with noble sentiments, and with sublime and tender passions."

Ross certainly had too large a heart commensurate with the strength of his frame; but his genius exalted the excess of sentiment with which he was surcharged, and we can scarcely point to a line in these love songs which does not betoken strength of intellect, which gathers fresh charm from depth of feeling; and the pure sound, manly ring of the whole is thus enhanced, enriched, and adorned.

But all William's amorous pieces were not composed to the one charmer. Marion Ross was not his first love. While in Edinburgh—probably attending the University—he composed two or three capital songs to some other fair damsel, resident in the Highlands; and that was, no doubt, before he met Marion. "Eh ho rò, mo run an cailinn," "Bruthaichean Ghlinn bhraoin," and the song beginning—

"'S a mhadainn 's mi 'g eirigh 's neo-eibhinn a ta mi,
Cha b'ionann is m' abhaist air àiridh nan gleann,"

are of this class. The first two used to be highly popular in the West Highlands, and are still great favourites with Gaelic vocalists.

(To be continued.)



THE EDINBURGH BREWER AND THE MINISTER.

ABOUT the year 1760 there lived in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, a worthy man of the name of Grant, who followed the occupation of a brewer on a small scale. He was married, but had no family, and his wife, though a good wife and a religious woman, was apt to run after novelties in the way of her devotions. Any new preacher or fresh doctrine was sure to find Mrs. Grant among the followers.

The restless yearning after something or other—they hardly know what—is often observable in married women, who are childless. Their natural instincts have no vent in maternal duties, so they take up with some hobby or other to distract their attention. Some make pets of dogs, cats, and birds, others give themselves up to visiting, gossip, and scandal, while many turn to religion as a solace, and are noted as indefatigable workers at church bazaars, excellent collectors of subscriptions, and energetic members of Dorcas Societies. Among this latter class we must place Mrs. Grant.

At the time of our story, the famous preacher, George Whitfield was in the zenith of his popularity, and was in the habit of making an annual visit to Edinburgh with the double object of making converts and collecting subscriptions for an Orphan's Home he intended starting at Georgia, Carolina.

Mrs. Grant was one of his numerous admirers, and one of the most regular attendants on his ministrations. She was very anxious to contribute something handsome towards his laudable purpose, but unfortunately for her well-meant intentions, her husband's business was not in a very flourishing condition at the time, and the brewer had enough to do to make both ends meet.

In vain his spouse endeavoured to prevail upon him to accompany her to hear the famous divine, feeling sure his eloquence would loosen her husband's purse; but no, the brewer would neither go to hear, nor, what was even worse in the eyes of his wife, would he contribute a farthing towards the Orphan's Home

in America. In fact, the honest man was so annoyed at this latest fad of his wife, that in his anger he did not scruple to call the eminent divine a cheat, little better than a pickpocket, inducing silly women to give him money which they had much better apply to domestic uses. Mrs. Grant being a woman of great spirit, resented these outspoken views of her husband; but finding that her angry recrimination only had the effect of making him more stubborn in his refusal, she determined that if he would not give her a subscription willingly, she would manage to get some money unknown to him, quieting her conscience with the old axiom that the end justifies the means.

She had not long to wait before an opportunity occurred to put her new-formed project to the test. One day her husband, while sitting at his desk counting over some money, was called away, and meaning to return immediately he merely closed his desk without locking it.

Here was the opportunity Mrs. Grant had been waiting for; so, hastily going to the desk, she saw a small heap of guineas, which her husband was going to pay away for barley. Quickly appropriating ten of the shining coins, she closed the desk and resumed her seat as if nothing had happened, as her husband returned, and, after working at his desk for a little while, locked it, and left the room without apparently having missed the money.

Mrs. Grant was now in a hurry to present her ill-gotten subscription to Mr. Whitfield, so, going to her room, she wrapped the ten guineas in a piece of paper and laid it on the dressing-table, while she donned her outdoor habiliments. Before she was quite ready, she remembered some directions she wished to leave with the servant, and went into the kitchen for that purpose. In the meanwhile her husband, whose suspicions had been aroused, stepped into the bedroom, and seeing the small packet lying on the table, opened it, and found, as he expected, the ten guineas, which he at once conveyed to his own pocket, and substituted 10 coppers in their place. Leaving the packet seemingly untouched, he quietly withdrew to watch the result.

Mrs. Grant returned, finished her toilette, took up the packet of coins and went direct to the lodgings of her favourite minister.

Arrived there, and, being shown into Mr. Whitfield's presence, she made a neat little speech, assuring him of the great benefit she had received from his administrations, and begging his acceptance of the accompanying subscription as her mite towards his great and good undertaking. The flattered minister thanked her heartily, and placing the little packet in his pocket, without opening it, he accompanied his visitor to the door, with many expressions of goodwill and gratitude.

Hardly had he closed the door, when he opened the paper, and his astonishment was only equalled by his indignation at seeing only a few worthless coppers instead of the handsome sum he expected. In his annoyance he jumped to the conclusion that the whole affair was meant as a deliberate insult, and, the old Adam getting the better of him, he opened the door and called loudly after the retreating figure of the lady.

Mrs. Grant returned at once, though somewhat surprised at the peremptory tone; but her surprise was quickly turned to indignation when Mr. Whitfield, with a severe look and solemn voice, rebuked her for her ill-timed levity, and asked how she had dared to insult him by offering such a paltry sum, at the same time showing her the coppers. The astonished lady in turn asked him what he meant, as she was sure she had given him ten good guineas. This assertion only incensed the divine the more, and, in no very measured terms, he denounced the lady's conduct, and insisted that when he opened the paper he only found the coppers.

Mrs. Grant being, as already said, a high-spirited woman, was not slow in defending herself, and, remembering how often her husband had warned her against Mr. Whitfield, she came to the conclusion that he was indeed the cheat he had been represented to be, so, giving reins to her passion, she poured fourth such a volley of abuse and accusation, that the discomfited minister, after a vain attempt to withstand the onslaught, had at last to fairly turn tail and retire into the house and shut the door on his infuriated antagonist, who, finding she had had the best of the encounter, and had succeeded in routing the enemy, began to smooth down her ruffled plumage as well as she could, slowly wending her way home, a sadder if not a wiser woman.

To her agreeable surprise, her husband did not appear to have missed the money, as he never mentioned the subject, nor did he evince any surprise at the sudden cessation of the frequent attendances at Mr. Whitfield's meetings. Like a wise man, the honest brewer kept his own counsel as well as his money, and had many a quiet chuckle to himself on the way he had outwitted his wife. He had also the satisfaction of seeing that the lesson he had given her, though sharp, was permanent, for ever after she was content to go with him to their own church, and ran no more after strange preachers or new doctrines.

M. A. ROSE.

THE CELTIC LYRE : A Collection of Gaelic Songs, with English Translations. By "Fionn," Part III. Edinburgh : Maclachlan & Stewart, 1886.

A great deal of most excellent work has been done in recent years to rescue from decay and to place in permanent form the lyric music of the Highlands. The pages of Highland magazines and newspapers, our own among the number, have been freely given to the good work of preservation to which we have referred. The recent labourers in the field have been numerous, and, in the main, intelligent. It was not always so, for while, in former times the collectors were not scant, the canons and habits of Gaelic music were very imperfectly understood, and, consequently, much of what was published was in forms quite repellent to the lovers of Gaelic song, who, though they might not have been able to state precisely what was amiss, could not help feeling that the music of the books was not the singing of the people. By the popularising of music in recent years, juster and more correct principles have been applied to the work, and the result is that we have now growing up on our hands a very valuable and substantial collection of genuine Gaelic music, in singable form and correctly noted, in many cases, from the singing of the most popular of our Highland singers. In

this good work no one has taken a more prominent and successful part than "Fionn" (Mr. Henry Whyte) the compiler of the work before us. This is the third part of *Lyre*, and we are glad to see that more is promised. It contains 16 of our Gaelic songs set to music in both notations, with an English translation to enable our Saxon friends to judge of the quality of our song. The pieces given are edited with great care, and the set of the airs are melodious and pure. Of course, these folk-songs differ in different localities, and thus each person may not meet with the precise form of any given melody with which he himself was familiar; but we can at least say that, as given in this work, they are familiar in some district or other of the Highlands. We cordially commend the *Celtic Lyre* to our readers, and thank "Fionn" for his patriotic and valuable efforts to give permanency to one of the choicest treasures of the Celts—their music and song.

SALAMMBO of Gustave Flaubert: Englished by M. FRENCH SHELDON, 1886. Saxon & Co., London and New York.

The story of "*Salammbô*," which has been well named the "*Resurrection of Carthage*," has been almost unknown to English readers until the publication of the present masterly translation by M. Sheldon. The tale is based upon the revolt of the slaves and mercenaries against Carthage, and the principal interest of the story is woven around the lives of Matho, the Libyan leader, and *Salammbô*, the daughter of the Suffete Hamilcar. The various characters in the book are portrayed with a power and knowledge of mankind which rivet them upon the mind of the reader. The fierce, leonine love of Hamilcar for the little Hannibal, the burning passion of Matho and his mysterious fascination over *Salammbô*, the fanatical devotion of the priest Schahabarim to the goddess Tanit, all bear the impress of the hand of an ardent and faithful student of human nature. The great scenes in the book, the feast and riot of the Barbarians, the preaching of the revolt by Spendius, the nocturnal entrance into the Temple of Tanit, the arrival of Hamilcar from Sicily, the Carthaginian

prisoners in the ditches, the execution of Hanno, the Barbarians enclosed in the Defile of the Battle-axe, the hideous holocaust to Moloch, and the death of Salammbô, are literary gems of the purest water. It is a pity that such a work should be to some extent marred by a number of unsightly typographical errors.

ROBERT BURNS: An Anniversary Poem. By DUNCAN
MACGREGOR CRERAR. Marcus Ward & Co., Limited,
London, Belfast, and New York.

This little work consists of a poem composed in connection with the celebration, at New York, of the 126th anniversary of the birth of our national poet, Robert Burns. The author has selected a number of the best known of Burns' songs and poems as his texts for a series of highly pleasant and smooth-flowing reflections on the life, character, and songs of Burns. That Mr. Macgregor Crerar is a poet as well as a patriot, remains not to be told to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, for our pages have more than once been enriched by the labours of his muse. The work before us will certainly enhance his reputation in both respects in the estimation of those who may be fortunate enough to secure a copy. His appreciation of the work of Burns is no mere manifestation of national partiality for him as a Scotsman. Mr. Crerar enters with kindred feelings into the sentiment of the poet; while, at the same time, his bosom glows with pardonable pride as he touches on the best known songs and poems of Burns, which have supplied solace and inspiration to Scotsmen all over the world. We do not in the slightest degree detract from the merits of Mr. Crerar's own work when we say that the great charm of the book is the great number of admirable sketches with which it has been illustrated. In point of fact, the whole get up of the work is a perfect luxury of printing and artistic labour. Mr. Crerar, for the text, and Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. for the delightful finish and the quaint neatness with which they have turned out the work will, we are quite sure, earn high commendation from all who possess it.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR JULY, 1886.

VII Mhios.] AN T-IUCHAR, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

- AN SOLUS UR—8 LA—10.7 F. | ○ AN SOLUS LAN—16 LA—3.9 M.
 D AN CIAD CHR.—8 LA—1.18 F. | C AN CR. MU DHEIR.—24 LA—7.21 M.
 ● AN SOLUS UR—31 LA—5.26 M.

M. DI.			A'ghr'an.		An Lan An Lite.		An Lan An Griannaig.	
			E. Eirigh L. Laidh.		MAD.	FRASG.	MAD.	FRASG.
			U. M.	U. M.				
1	D	Latha na Boinne, 1690	3.33 E	1.38	2. 2	11.31	11.57	
2	H	Latha Alford, 1645	8.59 L	2.25	2.48	...	0.23	
3	S	Coinneamh na h-Iarmhainstir, 1643	3.35 E	3.11	3.34	0.48	1.13	
4	D	III. <i>Donaich na dèigh na Caingis.</i>	8.58 L	3.57	4.22	1.38	2. 2	
5	L	Glacadh Lite, 1560	3.37 E	4.47	5.12	2.26	2.50	
6	M	An t-Sean fheill Eathain	8.57 L	5.37	6. 4	3.14	3.38	
7	C	Breith Shìr Ruiseart Granville, 1540	3.39 E	6.32	7. 1	4. 2	4.28	
8	D	Bàs Mhorair Deorsa, 1769	8.55 L	7.30	8. 2	4.55	5.22	
9	H	Breith Chavlin, 1509	3.42 E	8.34	9. 7	5.50	6.19	
10	S	Bàs Alasdair Mhunro, O.U.D., 1767	8.53 L	9.42	10.16	6.50	7.22	
11	D	IV. <i>Donaich an dèigh na Caingis</i>	3.44 E	10.48	11.19	7.56	8.31	
12	L	Latha Aghrim, 1691	8.51 L	11.50	...	9. 5	9.37	
13	M	Crùnadh Rìgh Alastair III., 1249	3.47 E	0.18	0.44	10. 6	10.34	
14	C	Blar Leine, 1545	8.48 L	1. 9	1.33	10.59	11.23	
15	D	Lá Mhartaínn Builg	3.50 E	1.55	2.15	11.46	...	
16	H	Bàs Shìr Iain Triath Chlann-Ghriogair, 1822	8.46 L	2.35	2.55	0. 8	0.30	
17	S	Latha Namur, 1695	3.53 E	3.14	3.30	0.50	1. 8	
18	D	V. <i>Donaich an dèigh na Caingis</i>	8.44 L	3.46	4. 3	1.26	1.44	
19	L	Crùnadh Rìgh Deorsa IV., 1821	3.56 E	4.20	4.37	2. 1	2.18	
20	M	Glacadh Shruibhla, 1304	8.41 L	4.54	5.12	2.34	2.50	
21	C	Bàs Raibeart Bhurns, 1796	3.59 E	5.30	5.50	3. 7	3.24	
22	D	Latha na h-Eaglaise-Brice, 1298	8.38 L	6.10	6.30	3.42	4. 0	
23	H	Cath Gharrich, 1411	4. 2 E	6.52	7.15	4.20	4.40	
24	S	Bàs an t-Seanaileir Mhoir, 1692	8.34 L	7.41	8. 9	5. 3	5.26	
25	D	VI. <i>Donaich an dèigh na Caingis</i>	4. 5 E	8.38	9.12	5.51	6.21	
26	L	Bàs Shéumais Ghréum, 1772	8.31 L	9.47	10.23	6.54	7.29	
27	M	Pòsadh Banrigh Màiri a's Dharnley, 1563	4. 9 E	10.56	11.28	8. 4	8.40	
28	C	Bàs Chowley, 1667	8.28 L	11.58	...	9.14	9.47	
29	D	Glacadh Sheine, 1798	4.12 E	0.27	0.53	10.16	10.45	
30	H	Crùnadh Rìgh Séumas VI., 1567	8.24 L	1.19	1.45	11.13	11.41	
31	S	Oidhche Lùnasdal	4.16 E	2.10	2.35	...	0. 8	